

As You Like It

Orlando's old servant, Adam, warns him that his brother is planning to kill him

ADAM

O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! Within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother -- no, no brother, yet the son --
Yet not the son; I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father --
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!

Old Adam collapses as they flee to the forest and Orlando swears he'll take care of him

ORLANDO

Why, how now, Adam? No greater heart in thee?
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a little. If
this uncouth forest yield anything savage I will
either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy
conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my
sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's
end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring
thee not something to eat I will give thee leave to
die. But if thou diest before I come, thou art a
mocker of my labour. Well said, thou look'st cheerly,
and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the
bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to some shelter and
thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there live
anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

Melancholy Jacques tells us of his delight at running into a fool

JAQUES

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool -- a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms -- and yet a motley fool!
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,

'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock.
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,

Corin, a shepherd, and Touchstone, the duke's jester, discuss living in the country

CORIN

And how like you this shepherd's life, Master
Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE

Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life;
but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.
In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in
respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in
respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in
respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a
spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as
there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against
my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN

No more but that I know the more one sickens the
worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money,
means and content is without three good friends;
that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn;
that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great
cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that
hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain
of poor breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Celia has seen Orlando, Rosalind's love interest, hanging poems to Rosalind in the forest

CELIA

Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND

Is it a man?

CELIA

And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck --
change you colour?

ROSALIND

I prithee, who?

CELIA

O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
meet; but mountains may be removed with
earthquakes, and so encounter.

ROSALIND

I prithee tell me who is it quickly and speak apace.
I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst
pour this concealed man out of thy mouth as wine
comes out of narrow-mouthed bottle -- either too
much at once or none at all. I prithee take the cork
out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

CELIA

So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND

Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his
head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA

Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND

Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me
not the knowledge of his chin.

CELIA

It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's
heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND

Orlando?

Phoebe does not like the man who is woo'ing her

PHOEBE

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye.
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.
Now counterfeit to swoon -- why, now fall down!
Or if thou canst not -- O, for shame, for shame --
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; But now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is not force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Rosalind gives Phoebe a piece of her mind

ROSALIND

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it.

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favoured children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her,

But, mistress, know yourself; Down on your knees,

And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love.

For I must tell you friendly in your ear:

Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.

Rosalind, disguised as a man, "pretends" to be Rosalind

ROSALIND

Then you must say: 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

ORLANDO

I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND

Now tell me how long you would have her after
you have possessed her.

ORLANDO

For ever and a day.

ROSALIND

Say 'a day' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando,
men are April when they woo, December when
they wed. Maids are May when they are maids, but
the sky changes when they are wives. I will be
more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon
over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot
against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more
giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for
nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do
that when you are disposed to be merry. I will
laugh like a hyena, and that when thou are
inclined to sleep.

ORLANDO

But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND

By my life, she will do as I do.